

you still can't eat Mt Rainier

gave Seattle its first real leg-up on the rest of the communities. He had the knowledge and equipment for sawing a straight board in an area that was to be built on the strength of making small pieces of wood out of big ones.

He also had a stolid brand of cunning and cupidity that enabled him to make the most of it.

At the risk of annoying some of our readers in order to illustrate the character of our town, it is necessary to explode one of our favorite myths. The myth is that C. D. Boren and D. S. Maynard, who had laid claim to the center of our present city, were happy to "give" Yesler a lot of land in the interest of brotherhood and to provide the birth of the "Seattle Spirit".

It is a reflection of the Seattle Spirit all right, but it is doubtful that the word brotherhood should have been included. Yesler arrived at a time when half of our brave little band of settlers was determined the city should be along Alki Point, and the other half was equally determined it should be where it is now.

As a pure business matter, Yesler staked himself a couple of claims at the mouth of the Duwamish River, then more generally known as the "Duwumps." He was completely cognizant of the fact that the city would be built where the straight boards were being manufactured. (It is interesting to note that Yesler first chose a site close to the one now occupied by the Boeing Company.)

Yesler then made a proposition to Maynard and Boren that had the beautiful simplicity of a lot of our business propositions today. He diffidently suggested that he liked the name "Duwumps" for the potential city, an idea that was repugnant to Maynard, who was dead set on naming the city after his Indian friend, Sealath. And Yesler pointed out rather logically that Maynard's and Boren's claims would have a greater speculative value if they were north and south of a sawmill that could saw straight boards.

Under this dual brand of pressure, the two gentlemen "gladly" gave Yesler 320 acres in the heart of the city . . . a chunk of real estate that ultimately averaged out at \$100,000 an acre and added considerably to Yesler's net worth.

Yesler was a shrewd gambler in the days when gambling was a less complicated method of getting rich than it is today.

Anybody that could do his holdings any good, like Wells Fargo and the Post Office, got free rent. He also found that holding public office was profitable.

When Henry was 80 years old he endeared himself to the local newspapers and the gossips by marrying 20 year old Minnie Gagle. But this was nothing compared to the material he provided on these two fronts a couple of years later by dying.

The provisions of Yesler's will were made known to a close friend about a week before the elderly gentleman became past history. According to them, Mrs. Minnie (as she was affectionately known in the press) was about to get a nice \$20,000 in cash to build a house on Lake Washington and the income from the National Bank of Commerce building. The city which Yesler "fathered" was about to come into a grateful \$100,000.

Unfortunately, after Henry's death, the will could not be found. This understandably upset the city fathers of the time and Mrs. Minnie and a couple of doctors were arrested and charged with feloniously destroying the will.

If the people of today would pause to consider that this was happening to the wife of our first millionaire, a man who had been mayor twice and had served in every public office except governor, some idea of the impact on the community may be reached.

The newspaper reporters of the day were somewhat more informal than they are today, and the story I thought was the most casual on the microfilm at the Seattle Public Library said in part, "we're selling papers as fast as we can get them off the press and the newsboys, the brave little fellows, are making a killing!"

A sadly-depleted Yesler estate ultimately went to Mrs. Minnie and some of the other deserving relatives. Mrs. Minnie disappeared from the scene. The city never got its \$100,000.

But we really shouldn't complain. In a country where everyone else is blind, the man who can see is king. And in a lumber country where only one mill can saw straight boards, the major city is born.

ttle area restaurant is a gamble



PHIL H. WEBBER/P-I

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have pockets as big as your ego."

Shallow pockets may be the undoing of more new restaurants than any other factor. The restaurant business is "an easy entrance industry," in the words of Jack Gordon, executive vice president of the state restaurant association.

But what many new restaurant owners do not realize is that opening a restaurant is often easier than keeping a restaurant open, once the loans and bills start to come due and the hoped-for flood of customers is more akin to a trickle. Those who open new restaurants should have enough money in their pockets to keep operating for at least six

months without a profit, advises Seattle restaurant consultant Al Yuen.

That may be why those who have succeeded in bringing life to longtime restaurant graveyards often seem to be operators of ethnic restaurants run by families, which provide labor and share costs. Dara Juntara has done that at Trump Nak Thai, as has Angela Chin Still at Hunan Harbor.

But even ethnic eateries are no guarantee of success in restaurant graveyards. Steve Cole, property manager for a high-rise condominium at First Avenue and Blanchard Street, has watched a parade of restaurateurs try to turn the first-floor space into a successful business. They have constituted a veritable United Nations, with Australians (for Russets), Americans (the Regrade), French (The Regrade Bistro), Brazilians (Brasil) and now Indians (Moti Mahal).

"People who have come in are undercapitalized, and usually uninformed," says Cole. "And nobody has gotten the atmosphere right."

Vijay Bhardwaj, one of the current partners in Moti Mahal, voices much the same optimism that his predecessors brought to the site at 2125 First Ave. "We're 100 percent sure we will make it here, because of our food and our good location," he says. "We do not know exactly why Brasil or the other places left, but I certainly don't think there is anything wrong with the space."

Philip Rogers is more cautious about the Seattle Center area site that he and his wife, Susan Benz, have purchased and are reopening as the Duwamps Cafe & Seattle Brewing Co. They are repeating a cafe-brew pub formula that worked well for them for years in California's Napa Valley. But they are also very much aware of the procession of failed restaurants in what was once Bloch's sandwich shop.

Rogers thoroughly investigated the site's grim past and became convinced previous failures resulted from "weak concepts and poor management." He also had demographic studies done on the surrounding area and even lived in the neighborhood for a couple of months, walking the nearby streets and listening to business owners and residents.

The Duwamps Cafe & Seattle Brewing Co. would seem to have all the right ingredients to rewrite the history of failure at 301 Queen Anne Ave. N. The new venture has experienced operators, sound financing, careful research, an intriguing menu and some major remodeling. But it still has that same old site that has been death to past restaurants.

Which is why Rogers, after all their effort, still concedes: "It can miss . . . We're not cocksure. The way I run a business is that I'm always a little tentative. So we're doing this with minimum expense, and we've done a lot of the work ourselves. And we're holding off on some other things until we see how it goes."



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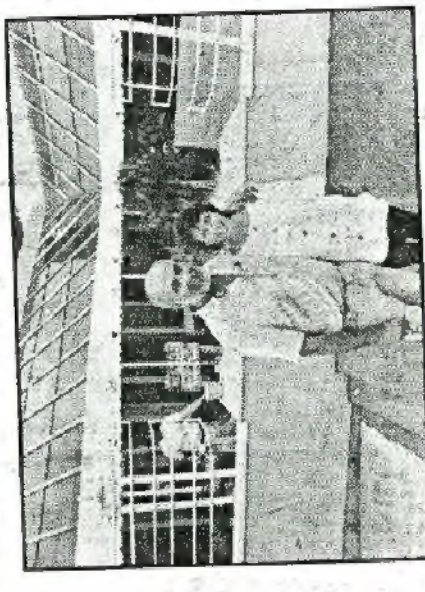


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cursed by the
restaurants past.
These infamous sites tend to
swallow up restaurants almost as
fast as diners can swallow their
food. The wonder is that these sites
are not quarantined, with warning
signs posted to scare off all future
restauranters. Instead, just the op-
posite occurs.

These sites are seldom vacant
for more than a few months. They
keep pulling in new owners, who

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Duwamps Cafe & Seattle Brewing Co., 301 Queen Anne Ave. N., owned by Philip Rogers and Susan Benz, was formerly:
Samurai
J.R.'s on Queen Anne
Downtown Freddy Brown's
Giovanni Confetti's
Bloch's



Hunan Harbor, 2040 Westlake Ave. N. on Lake Union, was formerly:
Marlin's
Osteria Michelli
Greenstreets
Don the Beachcomber
Carmen's Veranda



Moti Mahal, 2125 First Ave. (near Pike Place Market), was formerly:
Brasil
Regrade Bistro
The Regrade
Russets



DAVE GRAY/P-I

Restaurant graveyards are seldom vacant for more than a few months before the next restaurateur moves in.

Her champagne wishes fund Democrat dreams

By Joel Connelly
P-I National Correspondent

WASHINGTON — She was a 20-year-old British war bride who lived during the first year of World War II at 10 Downing St. She retreated to bomb shelters during the London Blitz with her father-in-law, Winston Churchill. A half-century later, Pamela Churchill Harriman is a naturalized American citizen and the Democratic Party's most important fund-raiser. The shy British teen-ager who once went to tea

Sen. Howard Metzenbaum and compared two recent polls on the Illinois governor's race. "Tell him to wait, I have an appointment," she directed when a maid came with news that former top State Department official Richard Holbrooke unexpectedly had arrived.

Although a partisan Democrat, Harriman praised President Bush's stand against Iraqi aggression in the Persian Gulf. She made analogies to World War II and the West's failure to stand up to German aggression in the 1930s.

Visitors to N Street can marvel at



was the most important guest on hand. Seattle was a real tough character when he wanted to be. We always picture him as sort of a benign old soul, but the Hudson's Bay records show that he was considered a bad Indian in his earlier days, and the piratical Haida Indians from Canada figured him a threat they wouldn't get within ten miles of.

Chief Seattle was the head man of six tribes on Puget Sound, and his presence at the wedding said in effect to the rest of the Indians on the Sound:

"Okay, you guys. From now on you lay off. This gal is married to a friend of mine!"

From that time on, Jane may have occasionally found Charlie annoying, but she was never bothered by Indians.

Life with the irrepressible Charlie must have held some unusual moments for Mary Jane . . . like the time she nagged him to bring home a chamber pot and he kept forgetting. To make his point when he finally remembered them he got an entire wagon load and had the whole lot dumped on the front porch.

What's in a name?

For well over a century now, the people of Seattle have abided with a deep sense of shame over the fact that our city is named after a man who really didn't want us to use his name at all . . . that while we fought the rest of the Indians fair and square and won, we "used" an old man in his dotage just because we didn't like some of the other names that had been hung on the location.

I can't say I blame our founders for wanting to change the only Indian names that were in use at the time to designate the general locality in which we are situated.

There was Tsehalalicht, for instance, a real tongue-twister which would seem a little provincial today for our home address. Or Mulckmukum, which bears a horrible resemblance to someone being sick. The Thurston County Commissioners who were in charge before King County came into existence selected the name

Duwumps, which was the name on early maps of a body of water we presently refer to as Lake Washington.

Denny couldn't have cared less what they called his town as long as it grew in population and increased his property values.

Doc Maynard, on the other hand, was sensitive to such things and wanted an interesting name for his town. He's the one generally credited with providing us with our name and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he got some aid from the last bit of juice in the bottom of a whiskey barrel.

Whatever the cause, Doc was eager to name the town after his favorite Indian chief, Seattle. The Chief demurred that it was against his religious principles, but the good doctor promised he'd make things right for the Chief. And the historians have taken it from there with varying degrees of humor that have really not assuaged the guilt complex that we have held deep in our hearts ever since.

Bagley pointed out that the Chief was "not moved to emotional depths that made any ripple on his usual dignified bearing when he became acquainted with the fact that the honor had been conferred upon him . . ." And Roberta Frye Watt in her *Four Wagons West* indicated that the Chief "was not favorably impressed." Mrs. Watts pointed out that according to Indian superstition every time his name was spoken after his death the Chief would roll over in his grave . . .

And if that's the case, he's sure spinning off into eternity.

But now everybody can put his mind to rest.

Maynard made things right for the Chief. There's no question about that. He agreed that the businessmen of the community would pay Chief Seattle for the privilege of using his name for our city. And it must have amused Charlie Terry no end to find when he joined up with the town of Seattle there was a quiet little tax levied that hadn't been necessary at Alki.

Henry Yesler, who got annoyed at anything that cost him money, was the one who peached on the chief's "tax", and he did his peaching to Historian Hubert H. Bancroft whose *Works* is the most comprehensive compilation of the events that built the west.